New York
46 W. 17th St.
Saturday Nov 22 1862

Dear Annie,

I was pleased to get your letter, & had resolved to write you myself when you should write to me. I want to get better because you wrote. I rejoice that you overcome all the sad things, & rejoice that you are spared all the little inevitable abundant griefs. I am always deeply interested to hear every the smallest particular of your getting on, & whatever you see & do & experience. I think it is to hear that the Orleans family are such pleasant people.

Bursley dined & passed the night — in fact, part of last evening. He is just from England, where he has been doing well in a business sense. He brought home a lovely, fine Guinea (white) parrot. Of all people in the world Mrs Rebecca Lee came back with him to Boston

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Boston, with her niece, Jane Tuckerman, John Bray's guardian. She told him the Butler Miss Chapman of Chauncy Place intimately — What was true: — though you [illegible] of the fat ordinary Englishwomen that they then were, She & her sister Sarah, included my own Brown there intimately; & their frightful religious or irreligious bigotry made the distance still wider. They told Rutt, the English Shoe-Maker, — an adventurer like themselves upon the plenty of the country, that they should lose all their influence to prevent his getting custom, for he was an infidel & helped to sustain Universal Unitarianism. What was true, last says Rutt, who told me of it himself, "— I submit to you whether it is not an extra-judicial punishment to blame me to death!" This is all Greek & very ancient Greek to you, doubtless. But I was stupid to

introduce Mrs. Rebecca, in order to set her a-talking. "Do you know Miss Chapman?" "Yes, I knew Henry Chapman," says she to Bunbury. He acknowledged the acquaintance. "Well: He has gone to England to live with all his family. He has accepted the situation of Secretary to the Duke of Cumnall." — We all roared at this & nothing more was said: but it illustrates the difficulty of getting at facts, in this world of talk. I don't recollect any news to tell you — unless I should say that we have a new dining room Carpet — (cost £180, Carpets is 2½ do, &c &c —) & a very pretty Brussels carpet — room 16 by 20, or so. The old one is just down in my room & a very fine bird I am, with my Window & bed-curtains & redeem de witnafes & coat-hooks in the form of Window-seats, & shining tea-kettle

upon the breath. We cannot
set the "Trapnon" debate in the
House this week yet. Howard
had it but the Lord, who it is
believed, misunderstood it. But all
accounts agree that it is exceedingly
discouraging for the U.S. as regards
the final suppression of the Rebellion.
But you must not count it to
them as unfaithfulness, as they
(the Indians I mean,) are not Amer-
icans, & owe no allegiance; and are
in no way implicated that can make
it wrong for them to say what
they think of the final issue of the
war. I should be sorry indeed, if it proved
true that they condemn the Emancipa-
tion policy. But I believe it to be one
of Bennett's lies. Henry is well but
worked very hard. He is exactly like a
horse after a hot quick drive. When
night comes, & rolls, - the sunset, in
his chest-flames, with a cigar in his

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Mount. Says he shall make his living & lay up a little something this year, if the Bottom does not drop out. But I tell him it can't drop out till the 2nd of next year, if at all. These last Elections in N.Y. resulting in the Success of the Pro-Slavery democracy, look badly for us, but they are not so bad as they look. They leave only 10.000 majority, & the Army Opinion, shown by the easy relinquishment of McClellan to be Republican, more than overbalances that. The administration has a whole year to operate in: enough time to conquer in, if victory be practicable in these circumstances — the most unfortunate of which is, that one half the country are held back from victory by the mistaken political policy cherished by the other half. Some of the foulest traitors, — both Dems & Reps alas! the Word supports the Character of

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too many of our leading
men — Political demi-Dieus —
Say, the Democracy, once in the ascend-
ancy next year, will make Propo-
sitions of peace upon the basis of
the Status quo, which the Rebels will
reject. & then we shall fight. Dems
& Reps as one: for then the Dems.
last hope is gone. & so on & so on.
We get tired of these predictions & reck-
onings & re-reckonings. I am not,
in my own Secret heart, friend of my
Country while Salvation depends upon
the resolution of its Enemies: — but
I am thankful that it could be kick-
ed into line with free nations, in
season to prevent its becoming
a common nuisance. I am
one in heart with the blind
masses of our people, who give
themselves so devotedly for the Unity

of the country, & I would do
any thing that was not wrong, to
enlighten them so that they
could not be made the tools
of selfish demagogues at every
Election. Jay says that if we
cannot conquer the rebels, we must
inevitably crumble into a dozen
pieces. — as many Provinces as
States. — like central Europe. Still
he entertains no doubt of success,
although he foresees sad hours, & is
perpetually throwing up the Government
to precautions against the Secession
of the Atlantic States by the Democratic
party in Convention assembled. But I tell him this is less
likely than that feeble, retrograde
Republicanism should so far mistake
them, as that they may be able
to carry on their tyranny, as heretofore,

through Constitutional forms.

My opinion is that the majority of men's heads misgive them about the final issue, but they dare not say so, for it would be treason in a sort, for it would frustrate the object in view. I mean the majority of thinking men. But I have never heard one single person express the slightest doubt of success, — & Fanny has only heard one Man. (Foreigners except who all agree in thinking, — however devoted to the North, like Col de Teges for example, — that division is an accomplished fact & the subjugation of the rebellion an impossibility.) I have my own earnest wishes, — that a barrier might be one from the Northern to the Southern Arctic by means of Kentucky: & that Europe might be so magnetically drawn to the hospitable & goodness of a hemisphere so free that the civilized world might be

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virtually one. So I began life, — work a propaganda in favour of Unity & against all that is selfish in Nationality, as knowing that to hate & hurt neighbours is to hate & hurt one's self — and so I hope to end it, after this immediate pressure of war-necessity is over. Ultimately, I am sure of Union by Freedom. How & When, I cannot see. But "Forgetting the things that are behind & pressing forward to the things that are before" seemed to me the best method — & "not as though we had already attained" — while any thing remains to do. The negroes are free: — virtually so, as I trust. & we are more free than I ever before remember. Still, I think a great Sanctimonial work remains to be done, to bring the political intelligence of the people, to long

deadened by allegiance to the South, up to the level where Republican institutions can work. You see we are as a people working now, by a power above & outside of ourselves? — They were inadequate to the work in hand. We find them at every turn, early in life. They always broke down. They did not protect us in the use of speech, press, postage, or association. If they had, war would have been unnecessary. But when the North permitted the South in 1837 to rifle her mail-bags, she entered the reign of force for a season by that relinquishment of civil rights.

This great educational work of which I spoke above, the war is doing, — the times are doing; and I doubt not that, ultimately we shall come out like a new

+ [illegible] of the Northern to [illegible] abstract deficiency in them, but the [illegible] of the Southern

a new wife. I am afraid a new
Queen is something that we would
rather see. Penny's Mourning, wife,
is dark Violet, - brown veil & the
white brim, - a real Mourner
with grave & grave & puffing &
flowing. Tell not the Queen of this
Herald. Little Queen can work it in
Letters, & his Mother after, in -
- errors. She can't know in
the left room, but be handsome
the fete in his night & Lent and
the Room like Lightning. Conservatives
says, the London Monthly Journal is taken
& read. The Life-Boat is safe,
& Count will not like this Mourning
piece is pitted on again. So May
it be with the U.S. The Monroe Plan
is in abeyance, but I see no
reason why it should not be
pitted on again, When we let pa-

Calumet St Peare, ne
are employed in Conquering.

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Mr Jay came for me to go to tea there as Eleanor & Fanny had agreed last Later. Adieu to have an hour of domestic felicity. Seeing he was in haste, I made him take my excuses to Mrs Jay, for I would not keep him waiting till I had made my toilette. So he ran home to dinner, & we followed after tea. We were first on the ground after all, except Robertson. Soon followed Mr. & Mrs. Roscoe Conkling - (the sister of Seymour, present Gov of N.Y. Dem. pro-Slavery, but Reb. Abolitionist, like her husband, who has just lost his election to the U.S Senate. Then came Mr. Barney, (Collector Custom House) then Mr. Bancroft, Nicely because he is deaf - the same affected Sycophant he used to be, but now an Abolitionist & all his conversation

of Nothing but Dreams & the Means of obtaining & seeing it. He prowled before the Jay children who scoff at him while they like to drag him about like a Monkey in a chain. Augusta wont let him ride with her, & Mary will make him ride with her. Mrs Jay, & indeed, John too, & all the family, proclaim a horror of Universal Suffrage as the root of all evil. To this Miriam Barney said "I like Universal Suffrage, because it necessitates Universal Education." I presented him with one of my best two Rs of approving condescension. But the days have been over private opinion that Universal Education is not Universal Salvation. Henry wanted to get home early: so after the rest of

the Company had gone, I must talk on Spiritualism — Conklin & Rose having seen a good Piano rise in the air, while she was playing on it. / After the Indians had all had their Hymns, / the customary Sunday-night ex-ercise, we trotted home. Augusta having seen the Cumberland & Merrimac fight, was moved to recite Longfellow's last. Which expresses good sentiments just in which he has spoiled a home, by choosing a foolish meanse.

Shaynhuis Opera of Blanmet is produced here. When the Manage-ment advertised for a goat, which is a principal character, the Street was as full of those Animals as Lon-bardi's Circus in London. Street was, a long time ago, worth Prostitute, when he

advertised for a benefit with a fine bravo & Jesse's — (or as good as.) & when the Management made choice of a black-& white-faced one, the Operatic public declared it was a prostitution to the political public sentiment which was neither black nor white wholly.

I note your view of duty in the matter of photographic cartes de visite, & repeated the message to Vinnie who has of her own accord been indefatigable in urging the same view, heretofore. But I do not think old women of any sort fit subjects, — least of all mine. So with many thanks for the kind thought, I will save you all the unnecessary shock of so aged a face, which you might otherwise remember younger & in all probability many never see again in the flesh.

Give my love to Lizzy & Lauper & the babies. — If Léonce may be so called. I do not hear but that all are well at Weymouth. Italian Poland is practically as far from hence as Weymouth, — yet

Mo. A. 9.2.31.27